

39 Down

Lloyd Cole

I was laughing and crying
My eyes were sore
39 down
One lucky strike more
And I didn't have a care
I had eleven thousand words
I could roll them off just like dice
There were movers and shakers
On Wannerman Place
I was holding my own
Between the dives and the steakhouses
And furthest from my mind
Was the thought of my refection
Coming back from the machine
Which said

Everything is gone
No more carry on
I was bound to fall
I had it all

I half way through the song
And not a stone unturned
True life revelations
For the at least concerned
And I said to my wife
Do you think I've said too much?
She said
Well, isn't that what your job is?
Then when I got into furniture
It was curtains for me
But I can blame it on Upper Street
And my Ambrose Heal
And still, furthest from my mind
Was the thought of my refection
Coming back from the machine
Which said

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